

Alexandria Gazette

VOL. LXXVII.

ALEXANDRIA, VA., MONDAY, JULY 31, 1876.

NO. 174.

ALEX. GAZETTE & VIRGINIA ADVERTISER.

PUBLISHED DAILY BY
EDGAR SNOWDEN.
9AZETTE BUILDING, NO. 70 PRINCE STREET.

One year.....\$8 00
Six months.....4 00
Three months.....2 00
One month.....1 00

Transient advertisements inserted at \$10 per square, (eight lines or less) for first insertion, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion.

Marriage and Death Notices fifty cents. Obituaries will be charged at advertisement rates for notices over four lines.

Sibley's Escape.

The day after Crook's party returned from their hunt, the General determined to send out a reconnoitring party. Lieut. Frederick W. Sibley, with twenty-five picked men, was detailed to accompany the scouts, Frank Grouard and Baptiste Pourier, on the reconnaissance. Joo, Becker, a mule packer, who had some experience as a guide, was also of the party. I made up my mind to go with Sibley, who is a fine young officer and a son of the late Colonel Sibley, of Chicago. Each of us carried 100 rounds of ammunition and enough powder to last a week. The full moon rose upon us by eight o'clock, and we continued our ride along the foot of the mountains until two o'clock that morning. At half-past four o'clock on the morning of Friday, July 7, we were again in the saddle, pressing on toward where the scouts supposed the Indian village to be. Reaching the foot of a rocky mound Grouard told us to halt while he took observations. Scarcely had the scout taken a first look from the crest of the ridge when a peculiar motion of his hand summoned Baptiste to his side. A minute after they had mounted their horses, and came galloping back to us. "Quick, for your lives!" cried Grouard. He led us among hills of red sandstone, the foot of the mountains, and we were obliged to make our horses leap down the rocky ledges as much as six or seven feet to follow his course. Within fifteen minutes we reached a hill sufficiently large to conceal our horses, while those of us who were furnished with glasses—namely, Grouard, Pourier, Lieut. Sibley and myself—went into the rocks and waited to see what was coming. "What did you see, Frank?" asked Sibley of the scout. "Only Sitting Bull's war party," Frank replied. "Knew they were up here without coming at all." We did not have long to wait for the confirmation of his words. Almost at the same instant groups of mounted savages appeared on every hill north and east of us. Every moment increased the numbers, until they seemed to cover the country far and wide. "They have not seen us yet," said the scout. "Unless some of them hit upon the trail we are comparatively safe."

Gradually the right flank of the Indians approached the ground over which we had come that morning and the previous night. We watched their movements with breathless interest. Suddenly an Indian attired in a red blanket halted, looked for a moment at the earth and began to ride round in a circle. "Now look out," said Grouard, "that fellow has found our trail and they will be after us in five minutes."

"What are we going to do?" asked the young officer. "Well, we have but one chance of escape," said Grouard; "let us lead our horses into the mountains and try to cross them. Meanwhile prepare for the worst."

Then we left the rocks and went down among the soldiers. Lieut. Sibley said to them: "Men, the Indians have discovered us. We will have to do some fighting. If we can make an honorable escape all together we shall do it. If retreat is impossible let us man surrender. Die in your tracks, for the Indians show no mercy."

"All right, sir," said the men, and the whole party followed the scout and the officer up the steep mountain side, which at that point was steep to a discouraging extent. The Indians must have seen us, they were scarcely more than a mile distant, for hundreds of them had halted and appeared to be in consultation. We continued our retreat until we struck an old Sioux trail on the first ridge. "This path leads to the snowy ridge," said Grouard. "If we can reach there without being overtaken or cut off our chances are pretty fair. Having gone five miles and seeing no Indians on our track Grouard concluded that they had abandoned the pursuit or else did not care about attacking us in the hills. The horses were badly used up and many of the men were suffering from hunger, so we halted to make some coffee and to allow our animals to recuperate. This occupied about an hour, when we again mounted and set forth. We crossed the main branch of the Blue River, flowing through the mountains, and were in full view of the snowy range. Suddenly John Becker, the packer, and a soldier rode up, exclaiming, "The Indians! the Indians!"

Grouard looked over his shoulder and saw some of the red devils riding on our left flank. We had reached a plain on the mountain range, timber on our left, timber on our front, and rocks and timber on our right, at about 200 yards distance. "Keep to the left along the woods," said the scout. Scarce were the words uttered when from the rocks there came a ringing volley. The Indians had fired upon us, and had struck my horse and two others. Fortunately, the second round fired too low, missing the distance, and not a man was wounded. Our animals, after the manner of American horses, stampeded and nearly dashed out our brains against the trees on our left. The savages gave us three more volleys, wounding more of our horses, before we got the beasts tied to the timber. We gave them a volley back to keep them in check, and then formed a circular skirmish line in the woods. We could see the Indian leader, dressed in what appeared to be white buckskin, directing the movements of his men. Grouard recognized him. He is a Cheyenne, called White Antelope, famed for his enterprise and skill. The Cheyennes and Sioux are firm allies and always fight together. When our scout led our warriors back in quick time. Then the Indians laid low in the rocks and kept up an incessant fire on our position, firing the trees around us with lead. Not a man of us was expected to leave that spot alive. They evidently aimed at our horses, thinking that by killing them all means of escape would be cut off from us.

Meanwhile their numbers continued to increase. The open slopes swarmed with Indians, and we could hear their savage, encouraging yells to each other. Cheyennes and Sioux were mixed together and appeared to be in great glee. They had evidently recognized Grouard, whom they mortally hate, for they called out to him in Sioux, "Standing Bear (the name they give him), do you think that there are no men but yours in this country?" We reserved our fire until an Indian showed himself. They were prodigal of their ammunition, and fired wildly. But they were fast surrounding us. We had fought them and kept them at bay for two hours, from half past eleven until half-past one o'clock. But they

were twenty to one, and we knew that unless a special Providence intervened we could never carry our lives away with us. We were looking Death full in the face, and so close that we could feel his cold breath upon our foreheads and his icy grip upon our hearts. "No surrender!" was the word passed from man to man. Each one of us would have blown out his own brains rather than fall alive into Indian hands. A disabbling wound would have been the same as death. I had often wondered how a man felt when he saw inevitable, sudden doom before him. I know it now, for I had no idea of escape, and could not have suffered more if an Indian knife or bullet had pierced my heart. So it was with all of us. It is one thing to face Death in the midst of excitement. It is quite another thing to meet him in almost cold blood, with the prospect of your dishonored carcass being first mutilated and then left to feed the fox and the vulture. After a man once sees the skull and crossbones as our party saw it on the afternoon of July 7 no subsequent glimpse of grim mortality can possibly impress him in the same manner. Well, the eternal shadows were fast closing around us, the bullets were hitting nearer every moment, and the Indian yell was growing stronger and fiercer, when a hand was laid on my shoulder, and a soldier named Rufus, my neighbor on the skirmish line, said, "The rest are retiring. Lieut. Sibley tells us to do the same."

I quietly withdrew from the friendly pine tree which had kept at least a dozen bullets from making havoc of my body. "Go to your saddle bags and take all your ammunition," said Sibley as I passed him. "We are going to abandon the horses. The Indians are all around us and we must take to the rocks on foot. It is our only chance."

I did as directed, but felt a pang at leaving my noble beast, which was bleeding from a wound in the side. We dared not shoot our horses, for that would discover our movement to the enemy. Grouard advised this proceeding. With a celerity which was only possible to men struggling for life, and to escape a dreadful fate, our party obeyed their orders, and in Indian file, retired through the wood and fallen trees in our rear toward the east, firing a volley and some scattering shots before we moved out, to make the Indians believe we were still in position. Our horses were evidently visible to the savages—a circumstance that facilitated our escape. We ran for a mile through the forest, waded Tongue river (the headwaters) up to our waists and gained the rocks of the mountain ridge, where no Indian pony could follow us, when we heard five or six firing volleys in succession. It was the final fire of the Indians before they made their charge at our "late corral" to get our scalps. "We are safe for the present," said Grouard, with a grim smile, "but let us lose no time in putting more rocks between us and the White Antelope."

We followed his advice with a feeling of thankfulness which only men in such trouble can ever know. But we had escaped one danger only to encounter another. Fully forty-five miles of mountain, rock and forest lay between us and Crook's camp. We could not carry a single particle of food, and had to throw away everything superfluous in the way of clothing. With at least 500 Indians behind us and uncounted precipices before us we found our rifle and 100 rounds of ammunition each a sufficient load to carry. The brave Grouard, the ablest of scouts, conducted our retreat, and we marched, climbed and tumbled over places that at other times would have been impossible to us, until midnight. Then we halted under an immense pile of rocks on the top of a mountain. Long before dawn we were again stumbling through the rocks and forest, and at day light reached the tremendous canyon out in the mountain by what is called the eastern fork of Tongue river. Most of our men were too exhausted to make the descent of the canyon, so Grouard led us through an open valley down by the river, on the left bank, for two miles as hard as we could go, for if discovered there by the savages we could only halt and die together. Fortune favored us, and we made the right bank of the stream unobserved, being then about twenty-five miles from Crook's headquarters. In our front were the plains of the eastern slope, full of hostile Indians, while our only avenue of escape was to climb over the tremendous precipices which formed the right side of the canyon. He scaled that giant's side of the canyon, and led us along a wren's egg path not more than a foot wide, with an abyss 500 feet below, and a sheer wall of rock 200 feet high above us. After an hour's herculean toil we gained the crest and saw the point of the mountain, about twenty miles distant, where lay our camp. This, as may be imagined, was a blissful vision, but we were half dead with fatigue, and some of us were almost famished-stricken. Yet the indefatigable Grouard would not stop until we reached the eastern foot hills, where we made a dive into the valley to obtain water, our only refreshment on that hard, rugged road. Scarcely had we eluded our pursuers when Grouard led us up the hills again, and we had barely reached the timber when, around the rocks at the point we had doubled shortly before, appeared another strong party of Sioux. This made us desperate. Every man examined his rifle and looked to his ammunition. We all felt that life would be too dearly purchased by further flight, and following the example of the brave young Sibley and the two gallant scouts, we took up our position among the rocks on a knoll we had reached, determined to sell our lives as dearly as possible. "Fire!" said Sibley to me, "we are in hard luck, but damn them, we'll show the red scoundrels how white men can die. Boys (turning to the soldiers,) we have a good position; let every shot dispose of an Indian."

At that moment not a man among us felt any inclination to get away. Desperation and revenge had usurped the place of the animal instinct to preserve our lives. In such moments mind is superior to matter and soul to the senses. But we were spared the ordeal. The Sioux failed to advance high enough to find our trail, but kept advancing on the lower branch of Tongue river. Thoroughly worn out, we all fell asleep, excepting the tireless scouts, and awoke at dark somewhat refreshed. Not a man of us, Sioux or no Sioux, could endure the mountain journey longer, so we took our thirty-day, hunted lives in our hands and struck along the valley, actually wading Big Goose Creek up to our armpits, at three o'clock Sunday morning, the water being cold as the mountain snow could make it. Two men, Sergeant Corwell and Private Collins, were too exhausted to cross, so they hid in the brush until we sent two companies of cavalry after them when we reached camp. After crossing Big Goose we were nearly a dozen miles from our camp on Little Goose Creek, and you may judge how badly we were used up when it took four hours to make six miles. The rocks had skinned our feet and starvation had weakened our frames. Only a few were vigorous enough to push on. At five o'clock we saw a few more Indians, but we took no time to conceal our selves further. They evidently mistook us for a camp guard, and being only a handful, kept away. At seven o'clock we met some cavalry hunting, and we went into camp for horses, who all of us arrived soon after. —J. F. Finerty, in Chicago Times.

SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR

For all Diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Spleen.

After Forty Years' trial it is still receiving the most unequalled testimonials of its virtues from persons of the highest character and responsibility.

It is eminently a Family Medicine, and by being kept ready for immediate resort will save many an hour of suffering and many a dollar in time and money.

DOCTORS' BILLS.

Your Regulator is one of the best family medicines I ever used. I have not spent one dollar for my family for medicine in five years, only for your Regulator, and must say it does all it says it will. You can also recommend it in Colic for Stock, it having cured a fine mule of mine worth five hundred dollars. —(J. A. Nelson, Macon, Ga.)

The Liver, the largest organ in the body, is generally the seat of the disease, and if not regulated in time great suffering, weakness and DEATH will ensue.

If you feel DULL, DROWSY, DEBILITATED, have frequent Headache, MOUTHER TASTES, bad, poor Appetite and Tongue coated, you are suffering from Torpid Liver or "Biliousness," and nothing will cure you so speedily and permanently.

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"I occasionally use, when my condition requires it, Dr. Simmons' Liver Regulator, with good effect." —(Hon. Alex. H. Stephens.

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"Your Regulator has been in use in my family for some time, and I am persuaded it is a valuable addition to the medical science." —(Gov. J. Gill Shorter.

"I have used the Regulator in my family for the past seventeen years. I can safely recommend it to the world as the best medicine I have ever used for that class of diseases it purports to cure." —(H. F. Thigpen.

Baltimore Episcopal Methodist.

This medicine is acknowledged to have no equal as a Liver Medicine, containing those Southern Roots and Herbs, which an almighty Providence has placed in countries where Liver Diseases most prevail.

Lady's Endorsement.

"I have given your medicine a thorough trial, and in no case has it failed to give full satisfaction." —(Ellen Mescham, Chattahoochee, Fla.

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"From actual experience in the use of this medicine in my practice I have been, and am, satisfied to use and prescribe it as a purgative medicine." —(Dr. J. W. Mason.

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"I have used Dr. Simmons' Liver Regulator in my family for Dyspepsia and Sick Headache, and regard it as an invaluable remedy. It has not failed to give relief in any instance." —(Rev. W. F. Esterling.

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Orders and inquiries from the country promptly attended to. oct 19-41

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MERCHANT TAILOR,

NO. 123 KING STREET, ALEXANDRIA,

Has just received his

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DRESS GOODS.

HOUSEKEEPERS, PLEASE NOTICE.

To obviate the necessity of our city trade going to Washington to obtain a prime CUT-UP PEEBEE, we have procured a Beef Chipping Machine, and will be glad to furnish the trade with as good Beef, nicely chipped as can be bought anywhere.

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DR. J. H. McLEAN'S CELEBRATED

FAMILY MEDICINES, consisting of

Strengthening Cordial, Volcanic Oil Liniment, Chondrine Sugar Pills, Liquid Vermifuge, Universal White Crystal Cough Pills, Candy Vermifuge, Wonderful Cough and Lung Healing Glorifier and Catarrh Snuff. For sale both wholesale & retail by

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PATENT FINISH MOSQUITO NETTING of all widths.

SELF-ADJUSTING CEILING PULLIES. PATENT MOSQUITO NETTING, all sizes.

JOHN P. CLARKE,

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FINE TOILET SOAPS of the following

brands: White Windsor, White Glycerine, Brown Windsor, Turtle Oil, Cinnamon, Alpine, Pomegranate, Honey, National Bouquet, Sandalwood, Sensation, Noeberg, Cashmere Bouquet and other varieties.

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PINK OF PERFECTION is a good Smoking

Tobacco at 60c a lb. For sale by

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JOHN M. JOHNSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Alexandria, Virginia.

Practising in the Courts of Alexandria and adjoining counties. Will attend the Loudoun Courts regularly. jy 1-41

DR. B. F. JONES, No. 32 North Gay Street, BALTIMORE, MD.

[Late Resident Physician and Surgeon to Special Hospital for the Genito-Urinary Organs, Paris.] Guarantees speedy and certain relief in all Diseases and Irregularities Incident to Females, in Impotency and Sterility, and all ills consequent with Abuse of Nature's Laws. ap 11

RICHARD L. MAURY, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW, AND SOLICITOR IN BANKRUPTCY, No. 1015 Main Street, Richmond, Virginia.

Special facilities for prompt collections throughout Virginia and West Virginia. Refers to Gov. John Letcher, (recent partner) Lexington, Va.; The State Bank of Virginia, Gov. Jas. L. Kemper, Hon. R. M. T. Hunter and R. H. Maury & Co., Bankers, Richmond, Va.; Messrs. Baring Bros. & Co., J. K. Gillist & Co., London, England. mh 31

DENTAL NOTICE.

DR. D. N. RUST Has removed his office to the NORTHEAST CORNER OF PRINCE AND WASHINGTON STREETS. dec 24-41

CARD.—Circumstances rendering it desirable that I should locate in Baltimore, I have transferred my DENTAL PRACTICE in Alexandria to DR. D. N. RUST. He has been for so many years associated with me as to need no introduction or endorsement, his skill, ability and reputation for honesty and high integrity being well known. I cordially commend him to the favor of my friends and patients, as well as worthy of the position to which he succeeds, and bespeak for him the practice with which, for so long, I have been favored.

JAMES B. HODGKIN, Alexandria, Va., mar 10-41

CONFECTIONERY, &c.

CARD—I hereby return my thanks to my friends and the generous public for the favors they have conferred on me by their patronage, hoping by strict attention to business to receive a continuance of the same.

ICE CREAM, WATER ICES, and CUSTARDS of all flavors, from half a gallon to any quantity, made and sent to all parts of the city. Gentlemen's rooms first floor; ladies' parlors second floor. J. S. FORD, No. 125 King Street, Alexandria, Va. jy 6

FOR THE SUMMER.

H. BRENGLES' ICE CREAM PARLORS

KING STREET, ARE NOW OPEN.

Ice Cream, Water Ices, Soda Water, Oakes, Pies, Fruit and Confectionery always on hand. Orders promptly attended to and families supplied. my 24

FANCY GOODS AND MILLINERY.

HAIR! HAIR!

Our stock is now complete, with every shade, FROM BLACK TO BLONDE, In Switches and Curls.

We are offering special inducements. A nice, large Braid for \$3. Our \$5 Braids are a superior article.

We are also prepared to make all styles of CURLS at short notice.

COMBINGS! COMBINGS!

Special attention paid to this branch of the business.

Ladies not having a sufficient quantity of Combings to make Braids can have Hair added at a slight cost. Combings can also be made into Curls, Puffs, Frizzets, &c.

Wholesale and retail. Special inducements to country merchants.

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LOOK! SOMETHING NEW! LOOK!

THE CENTENNIAL KNIFE, SIDE BOX AND BIAS PLATER

Call and examine at ap 11

C. C. BERRY'S, 72 King st.

KID GLOVES!

IN SPRING STYLES.

Two Buttons.....\$0.75
Three Buttons.....1 00
Three Buttons.....1 25

Just received at

C. C. BERRY'S.

LADIES' BALBRIGGAN HOSE.

A full line in White and Brown, with white and Colored Silk Cocks, at

FERGUSON & BROS., 96 King Street.

SUN UMBRELLAS!

A full supply of the above at prices to suit the times at

C. C. BERRY'S.

2 HIDS PORTO RICO MOLASSES,

suitable for baking, just received; also prime New Orleans and Porto Rico Molasses, Syrups and Strained Honey, for sale by

J. C. & E. MILBURN.

JUST RECEIVED: Choice Mocha, Old

Government Java, Ceylon Java, Maracabo, LaGuayra and Rio Coffee, which we offer at the lowest rates. J. C. & E. MILBURN.

PRIME CAROLINA RICE

just received by J. C. & E. MILBURN.

NOTICE.

FOR POTOMAC RIVER LANDINGS.

On and after Thursday, July 27, 1876, the steamer "MATANO," Captain W. H. Ryles, will leave her wharf foot of King street, EVERY MONDAY and THURSDAY MORNING, at 7 o'clock, for landings on the Potomac river as follows:

Marshall Hall, Pye's Wharf, Sandy Point, Liverpool Point, Smith's Point, Cottage Wharf, Stuart's Wharf,

Tolson's Wharf, Matthias' Point, Bill's Wharf, Wirt's Wharf, Massey's Wharf, S. S. HOWE'S, Blackstone's Island, Nomin Ferry.

Returning, leaves Nomin Ferry on Tuesday and Friday mornings, making the above landings; also making Lee's wharf and Potomac City, returning to Alexandria about sundown.

N. BOUSH & SON, Agents, Alexandria, Virginia.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

On and after Monday, June 5th, until further notice, the Ferry Boats will run according to the following schedule:

Leave Washington: 5:45, 7:30, 8:30, 9:30, 10:30 and 11:30 a. m., and 1:30, 2:30, 3:30, 4:30, 5:30, 6:15 and 7 p. m.

Leave Alexandria: 5:45, 7:30, 8:30, 9:30, 10:30 and 11:30 a. m., and 1:30, 2:30, 3:30, 4:30, 5:30, 6:15 and 7 p. m.

Sundays: 8:30, 9:30, 10:30 and 11:30 a. m., and 1:30, 2:30, 3:30, 4:30, 5:30, 6:15 and 7 p. m.

je 3-41 President Potomac Ferry Co.

NOTICE.

The steamer KEYPORT leaves her wharf, at the FOOT OF PRINCE STREET, daily, at 7:25 a. m., for QUANTICO, connecting with the train for FREDERICKSBURG, RICHMOND and the SOUTH; returning, arrives at 8:35 a. m.

je 3-41 P. B. HOOE, Agent.

BALTIMORE.

POTOMAC RIVER STEAMERS.

The steamer EXPRESS, Capt. J. T. Barker, will leave pier 10, Light Street, Baltimore, EVERY TUESDAY, at 4 p. m. Returning, will leave Alexandria EVERY FRIDAY, at four o'clock p. m.

The steamer SUE, Capt. James Harper, will leave pier 10, Light Street, Baltimore, EVERY THURSDAY, at 5 p. m. Returning, will leave Alexandria EVERY MONDAY, at 10:00 p. m.

Freight will not be received after 4 p. m. Boat steamers will stop each way at their respective river landings.

For further information apply to J. BRODERS & CO., Agents, 11 King Street.

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—of the—

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

This company offers unrivalled facilities for the transportation of freight and passengers, and will run their steamers regularly as follows:

FOR NEW YORK.

The Atlantic Steamer E. C. KNIGHT, and JOHN GIBSON leave the company's wharf, Alexandria, EVERY TUESDAY MOR